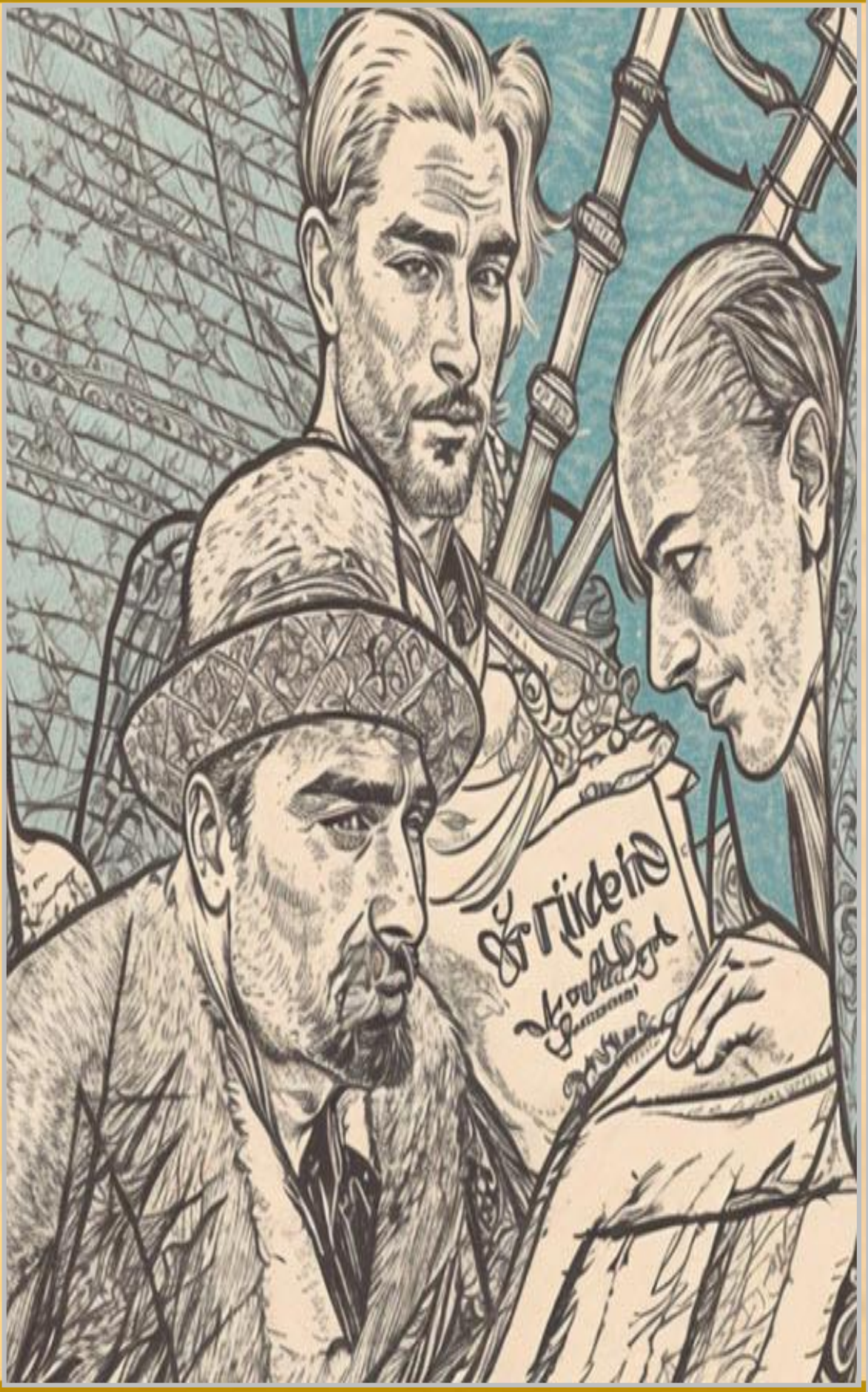
WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. - SINGAPORE - 2025

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

IT WAS ALL FOR A

DRAMATIC EFFECT

"Apologies, dear Campers! Unlike the unfortunate little Johnny, who found himself unable to blink after mistakenly consuming something questionable from his mother's medicine cabinet, I stand before you with unwavering confidence. I meet your gaze directly, yet I can't help but express my dismay as I recite the economic marketing jargon that my corporate overlords at the WWWG Plantation and Print Shop



have compelled me to deliver from the teleprompter.

[Pause for dramatic effect!]

Was that part of the script too, Seine?

It's a curious predicament, caught between the obligation to convey this promotional material and the desire to engage with you authentically."

{Transcript from the Starving Artist Formally Know as Emil's vlog cast 2025}

Perhaps it's just me, but I find myself with an abundance of free time after completing my recent contract assignment, which involved crafting a 1,500-word article on the intricate art and inherent dangers of scuba diving in the pool at Hotel 6.
This piece was commissioned by our amiable socialist accountant overlords at the WWWG Plantation.
In an effort to reconnect with the vibrant tapestry

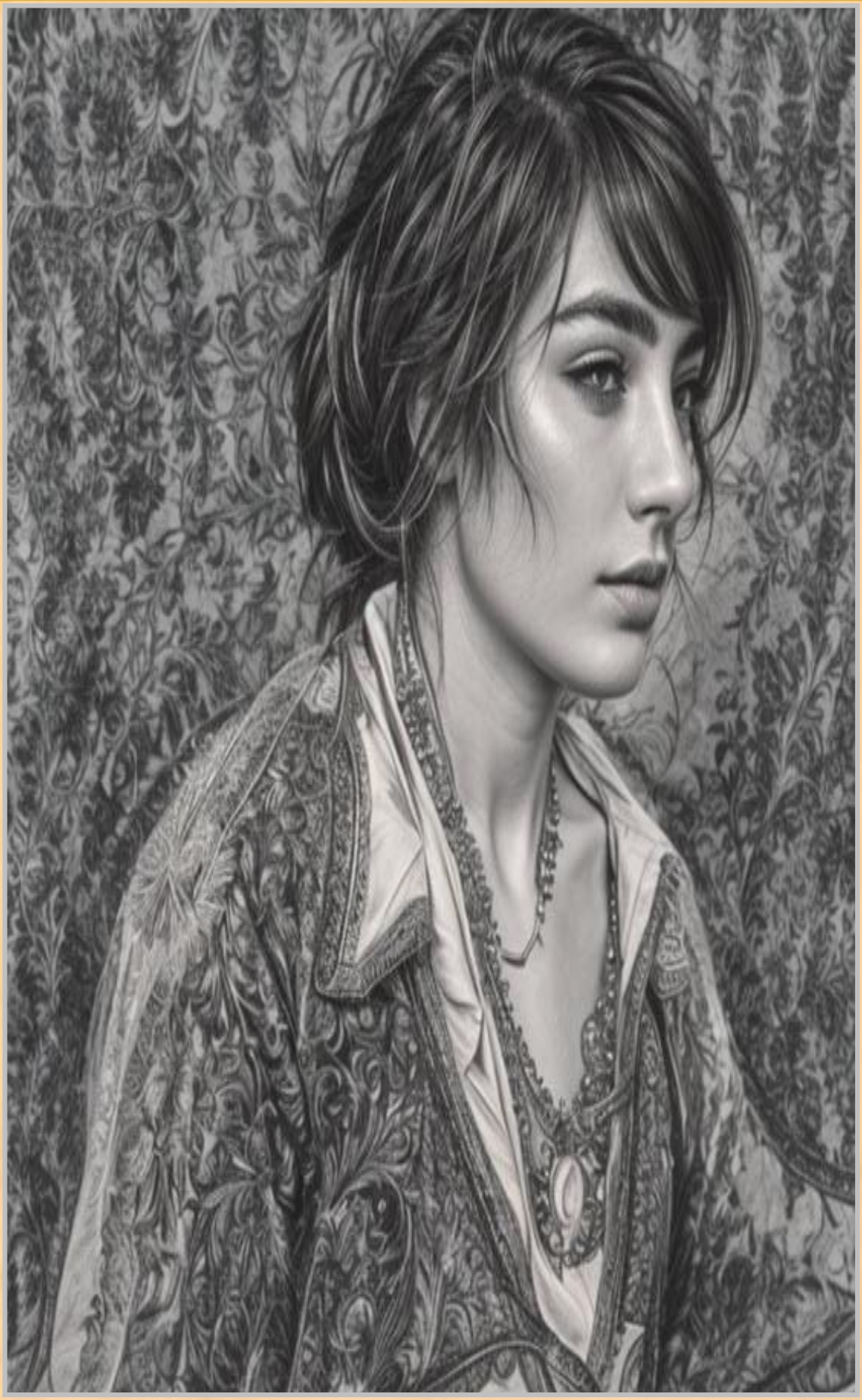
of the city's working-class population, I decided to spend my afternoon riding the Metro Sky Rail.

As I sat quietly, I observed the hustle and bustle of the commuters around me, each seemingly ensnared in a relentless cycle dictated by the unyielding demands of time.

It struck me how many appeared to be navigating their lives with a sense of urgency, almost as if they were bound to a system

that required unwavering compliance to the relentless march of the clock, a blind adherence to a false deity that often overshadows the richness of human experience. At times, I find myself feeling a deep sense of compassion for those who have never encountered the idea that time is a construct, one that only holds significance if we choose to believe in it. This perspective invites a profound shift in

understanding, suggesting that our perception of time is not an absolute reality but rather a subjective experience shaped by our beliefs and societal norms.
Imagine the liberation that could come from recognizing that the relentless ticking of the clock is merely a framework we have created, rather than an unchangeable truth.
By embracing this notion, individuals could free



themselves from the constraints of deadlines and schedules, allowing for a more fluid and enriching experience of life.

It is essential to share this insight, as it has the potential to transform how we navigate our days, fostering a deeper connection to the present moment and encouraging a more mindful existence.

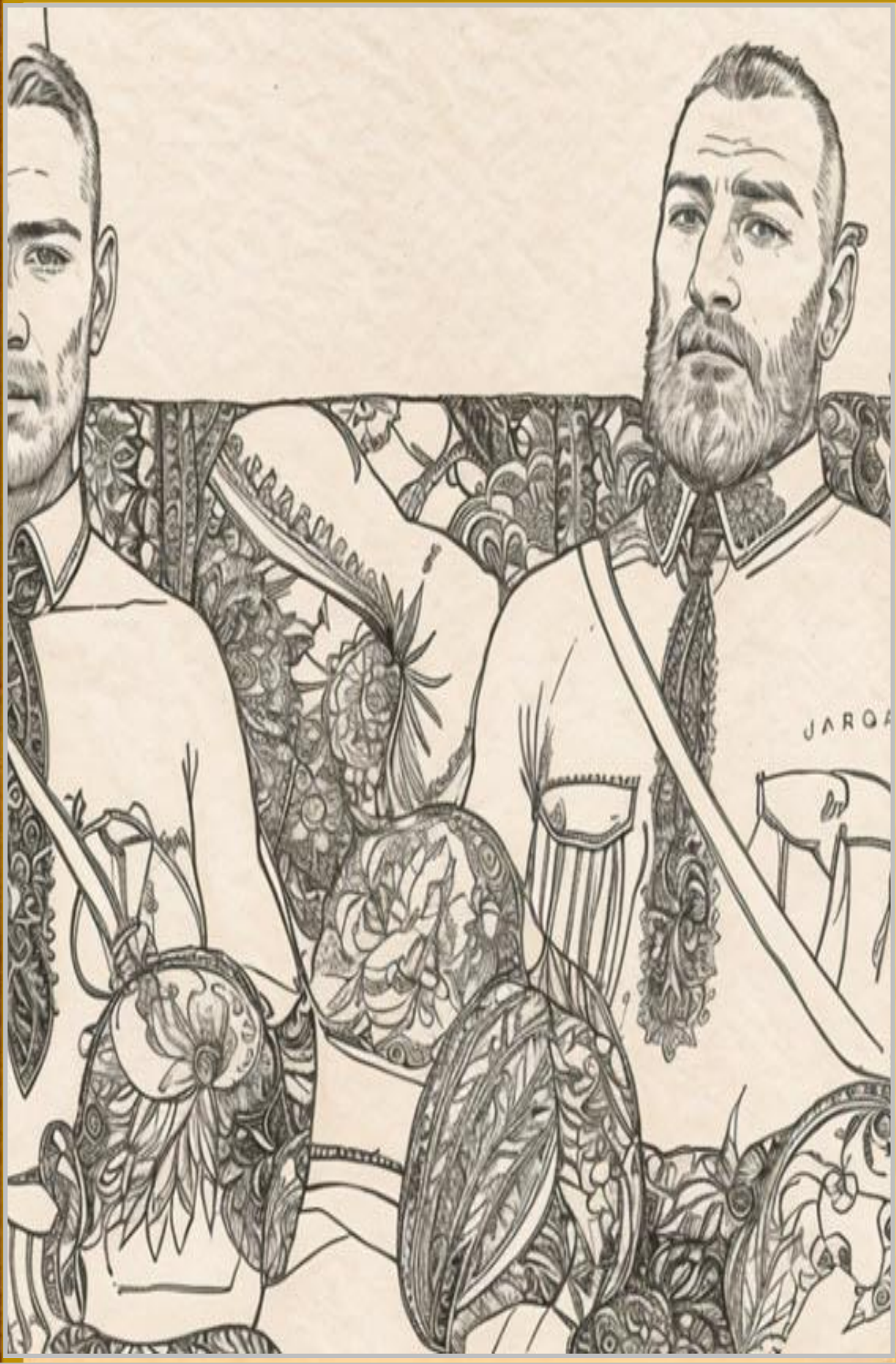
Dr. Emmitt J. Brown, a distinguished scholar from the University of Southern California, delivered a

thought-provoking lecture that I happened to catch late one night on the state media channel, CNNister. In his exploration of the intricate cosmic realities of quantum physics, he posited a fascinating concept: that nothing truly exists until it is observed. This idea resonates deeply, akin to the palpable fear experienced by a pharmaceutical sales representative—often referred to as a drug dealer—who, upon spotting

a police car, frantically retreats into the shadows of a dark alley.
Just as the rep's reality shifts in an instant, dictated by the presence of authority, so too does the fabric of existence in the quantum realm hinge on observation.
Brown's insights challenge us to reconsider our understanding of reality, urging us to recognize the profound implications of perception in both science and everyday life.

While this may not be the precise example that Dr. Brown used to convey his message, it encapsulates the essence of what I gleaned from his lecture, which was often bogged down by overly complex terminology.
The scientific jargon made it challenging for the average listener to grasp the core concepts he was trying to communicate.
It's crucial for educators to bridge the gap between intricate scientific ideas

and accessible language, ensuring that their insights resonate with a broader audience.
By simplifying the content without sacrificing its integrity, we can foster a more inclusive environment for learning and understanding.
I hope this perspective proves helpful in appreciating the nuances of effective communication in academia.
As a founding member of the Palmdale Chapter of



the once-banned Jesuits of Truth—an identity recently reaffirmed by a court order—I find myself grappling with profound thoughts that pull me into a complex metaphysical exploration.

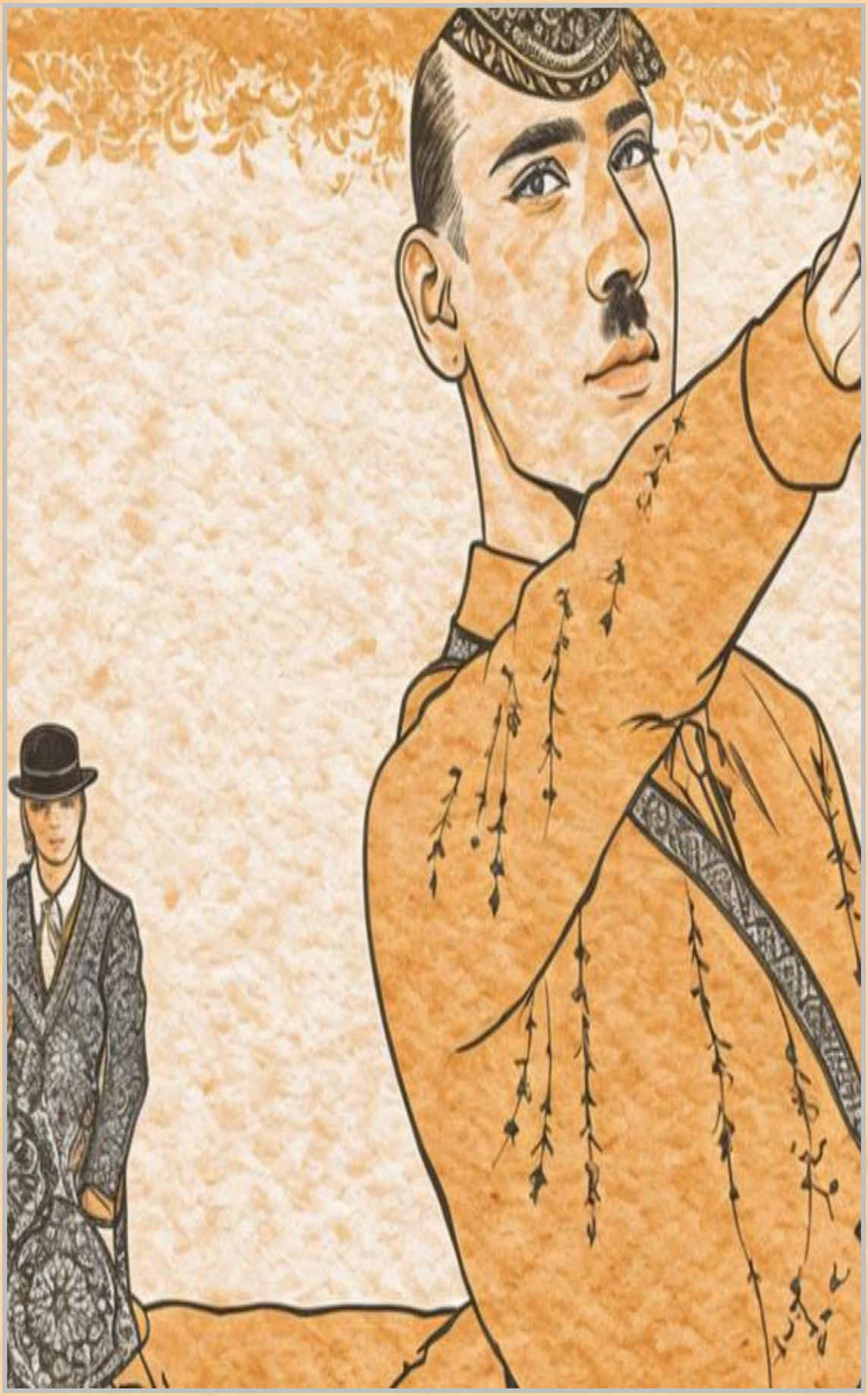
Instead of simply enjoying the view from my vantage point on the Airport Sky Rail, where I could easily observe the ebb and flow of humanity, I am instead compelled to reflect deeply on the implications of my role and the broader

significance of our mission. This observation stirs a sense of urgency within me, as I contemplate the intricate tapestry of human experience unfolding before my eyes, each individual a thread woven into the fabric of our collective existence. The weight of this realization is both exhilarating and daunting, as I navigate the delicate balance between my responsibilities and the desire for a moment of

respite amid the chaos of life.

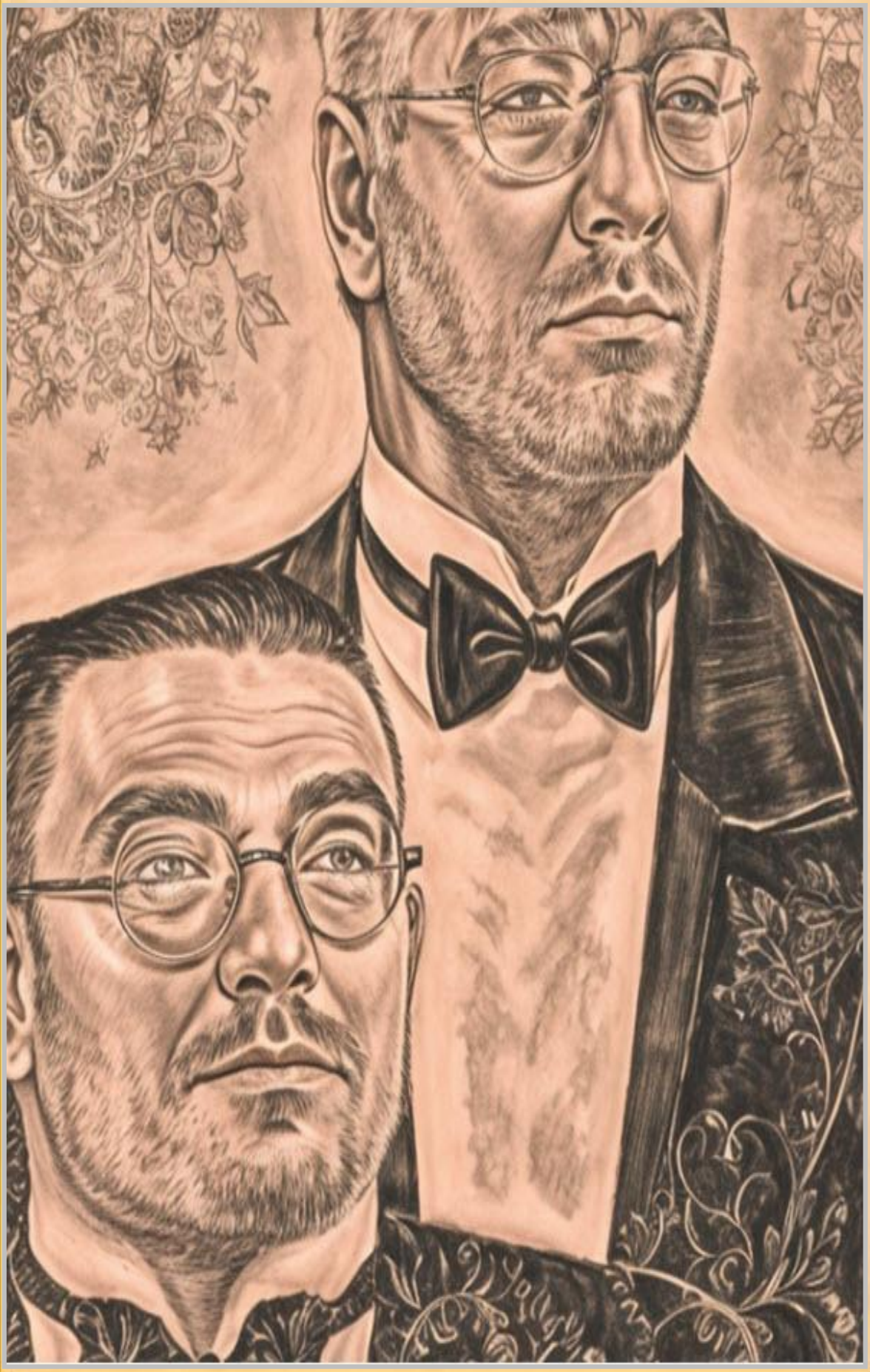
The extensive training I have undergone, along with the guiding principles of the Jesuits of Truth, compels me to rise and share the profound reality of time with those who remain unaware.

These individuals are ensnared by the illusion of time, a construct that ties their very existence to a fabricated world orchestrated by corporate powers.



This manipulation serves to control, manage, and ultimately exploit them, robbing them of their inherent right to freedom bestowed upon them by a higher authority.
It is imperative that I take action to enlighten these souls, helping them break free from the shackles of this deceptive reality and reclaim their autonomy in a world that seeks to diminish their true potential.
The bylaws of the Jesuits

include a "Common Sense" clause, which asserts that common sense takes precedence over the obligation to always convey the truth.
This is particularly relevant for me, as I currently find myself under super-secret, double probation due to my open dissemination of unsettling truths and other infractions related to the Corporate Congress's newly implemented regulations.

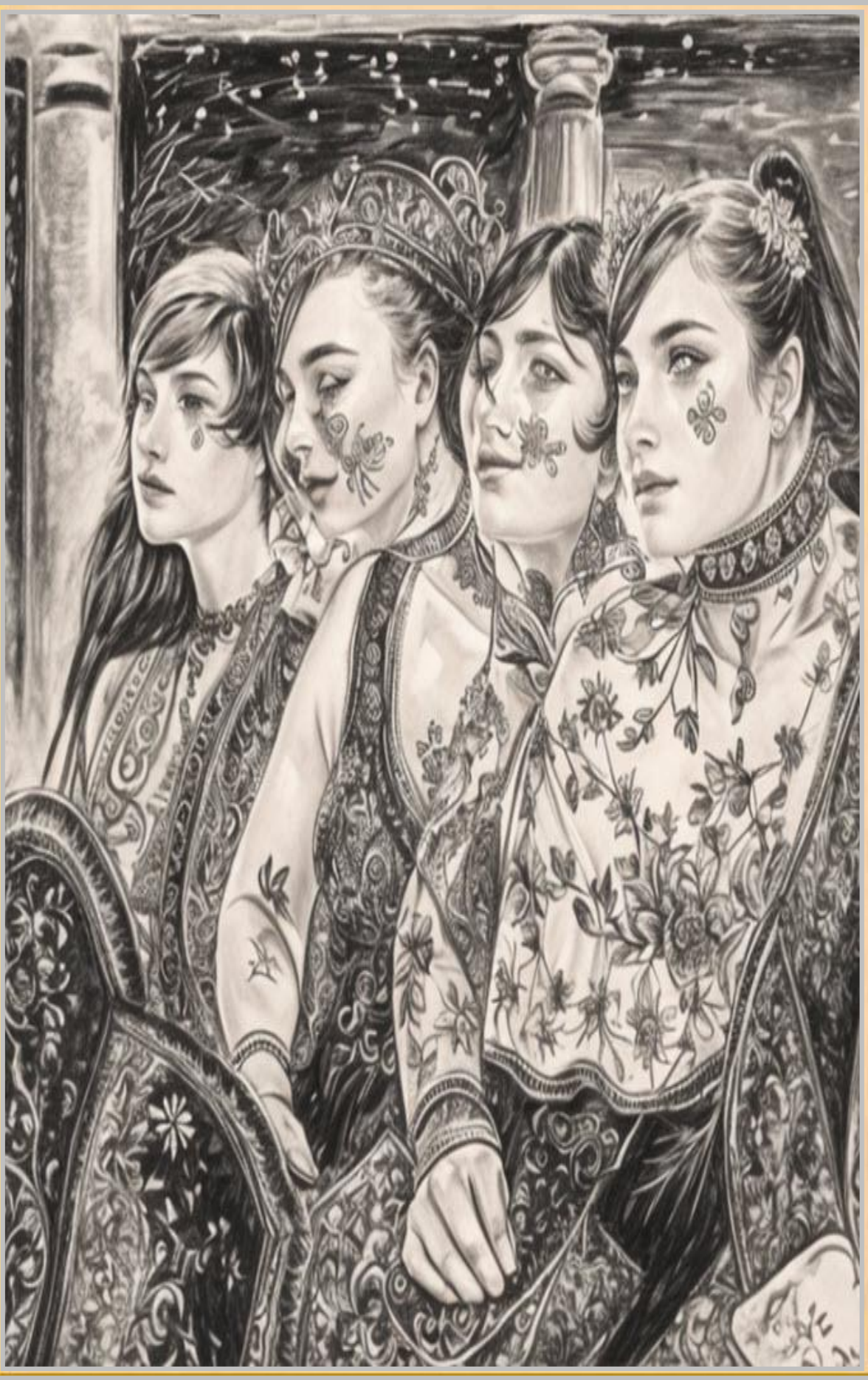


These laws prohibit the unauthorized sharing of truth, whether spoken or disseminated through social media platforms, without the necessary police permit.

This situation raises significant questions about the balance between truth and compliance, highlighting the complexities of navigating a landscape where the expression of genuine concerns can lead to severe repercussions.

It is essential to consider the implications of such restrictions on free speech and the moral responsibility we hold to communicate honestly, even in the face of institutional constraints. If I were to make the misguided choice to rise up and attempt to enlighten the collective consciousness of the individuals crammed into this subway car, I could very well find myself facing arrest.

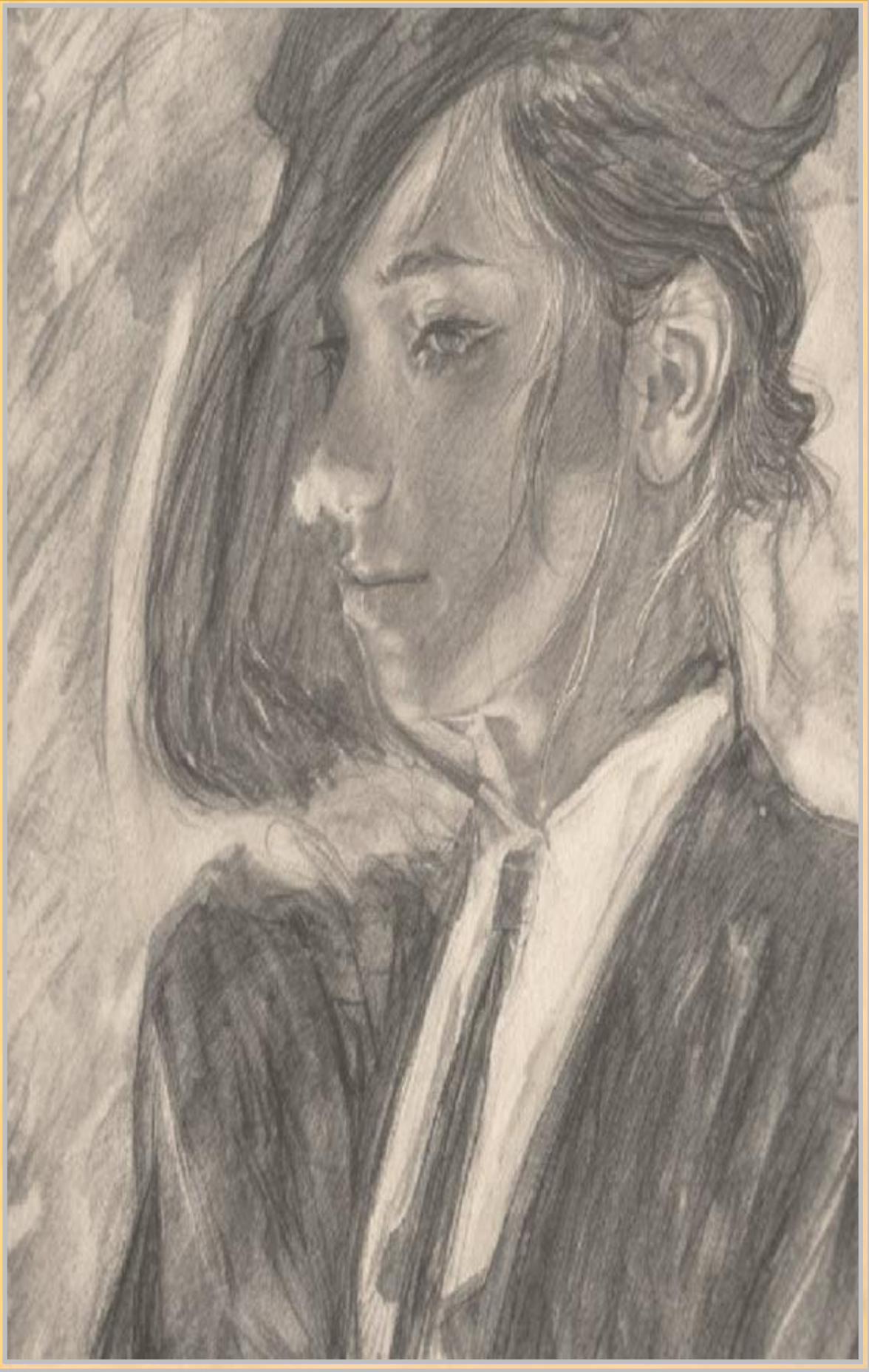
The authorities might escort me to the imposing gates of our gated community, which are often confused with the more renowned Pearly Gates.
There, I would likely receive a courteous yet firm expulsion into the desolate expanse known as the "Wastelands of Cancellation."
This would come with a signed and sealed decree from the Corporate Congress, stripping me of



my digital privileges and relegating me to an archaic AOL dial-up account for any semblance of internet access.

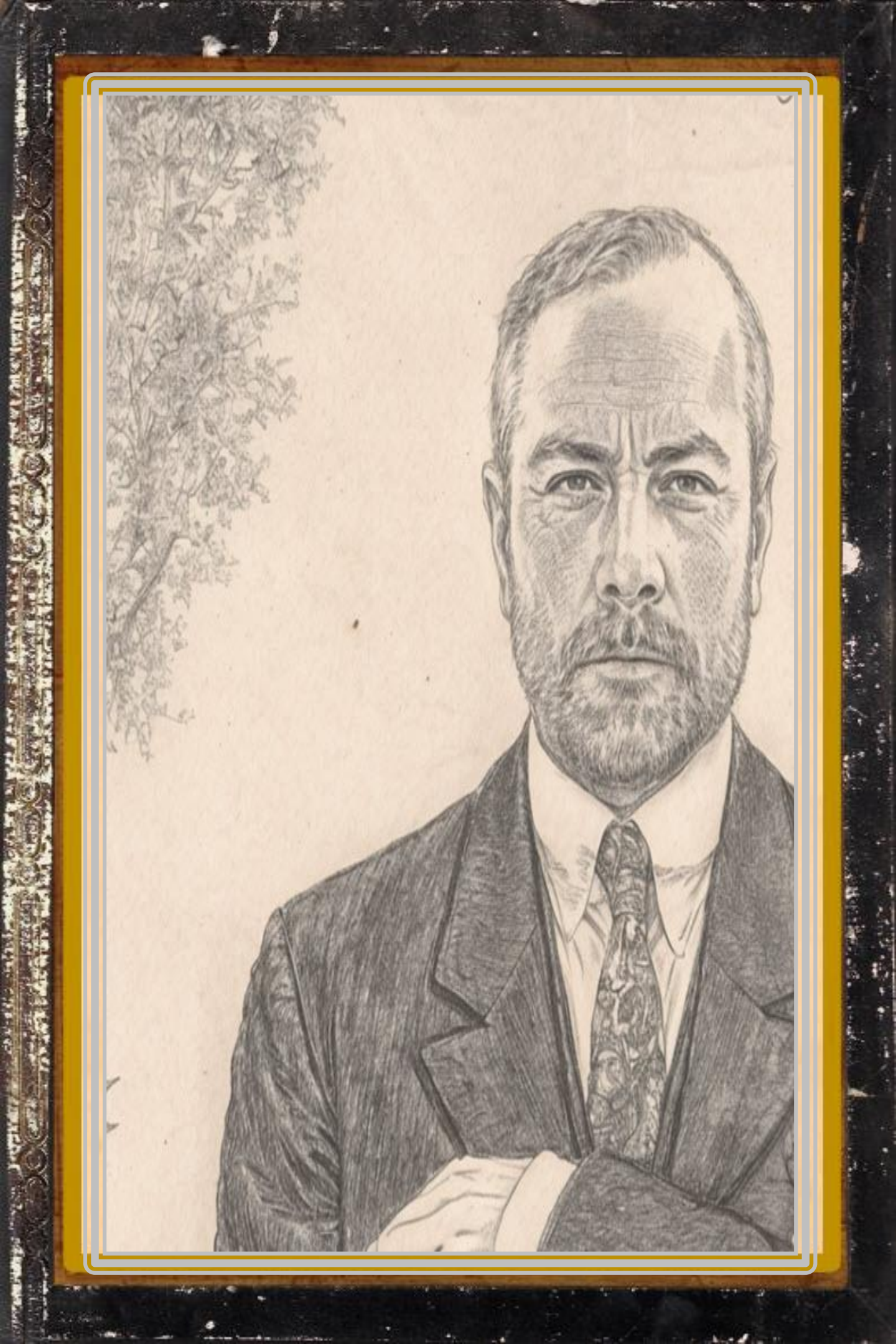
Such a fate serves as a stark reminder of the risks associated with challenging the status quo in a society that prioritizes conformity over enlightenment.

The wise words of an elderly woman echo in my mind: “Kid, this ain't my first rodeo!” This sentiment perfectly



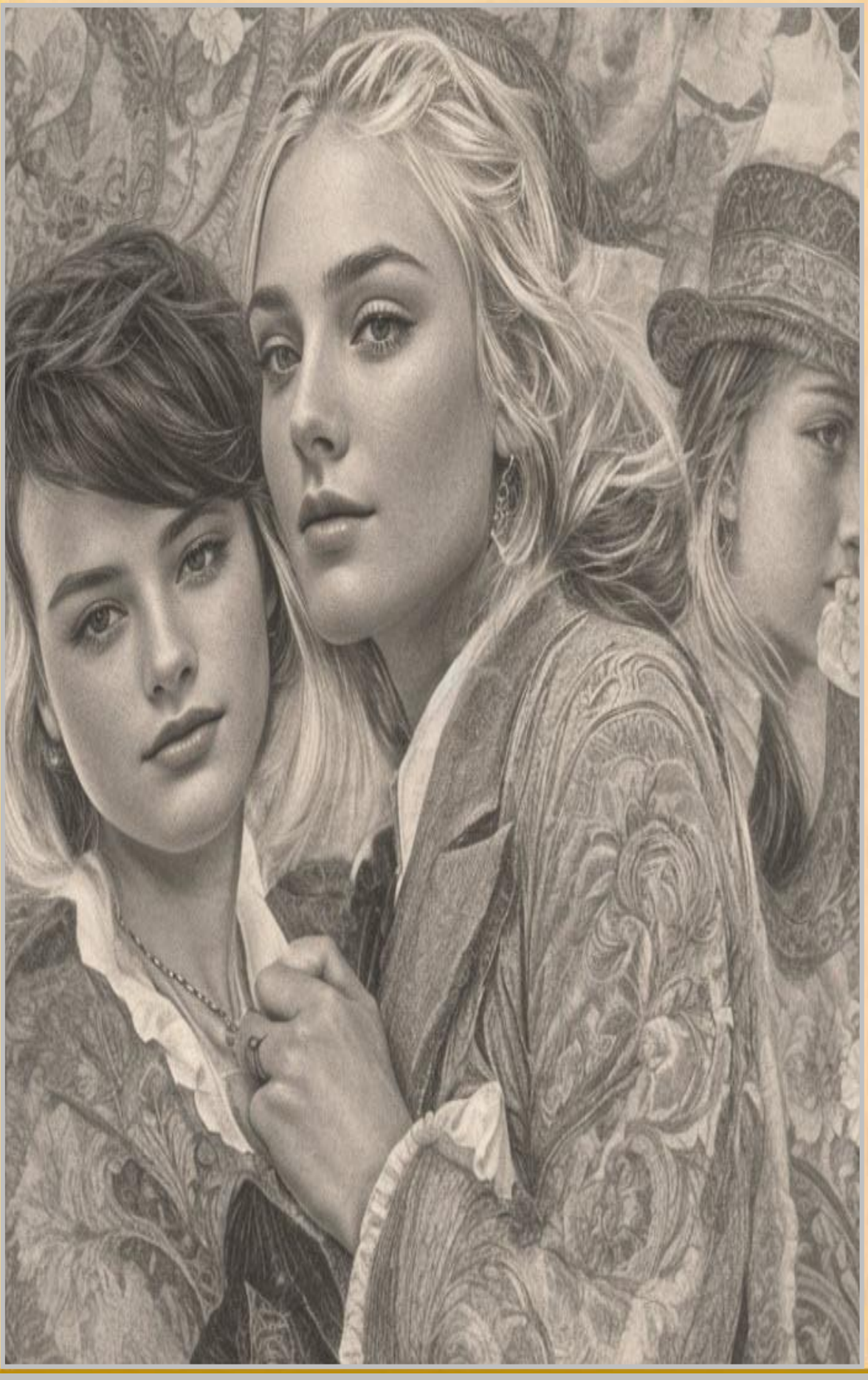
encapsulates my current predicament, as I reflect on my previous encounter with Commissioner Harris and her Peace and Harmony Commission.
I can still vividly remember the last time I failed to invoke the "Common Sense" clause, which resulted in an extended stay at a FEMA Re-Education Training Facility.
During that time, I was subjected to relentless mockery from a rather portly counselor named

Ahriman, who, despite his questionable appearance—complete with a waxed Fu Manchu mustache that was oddly impressive—took great pleasure in reminding me of my dismal social credit score. He boasted about potentially contacting the Guinness Book of Records to report my staggering negative score of 45,000 points, a figure that surely must qualify as a world record. This experience serves as a stark reminder of the

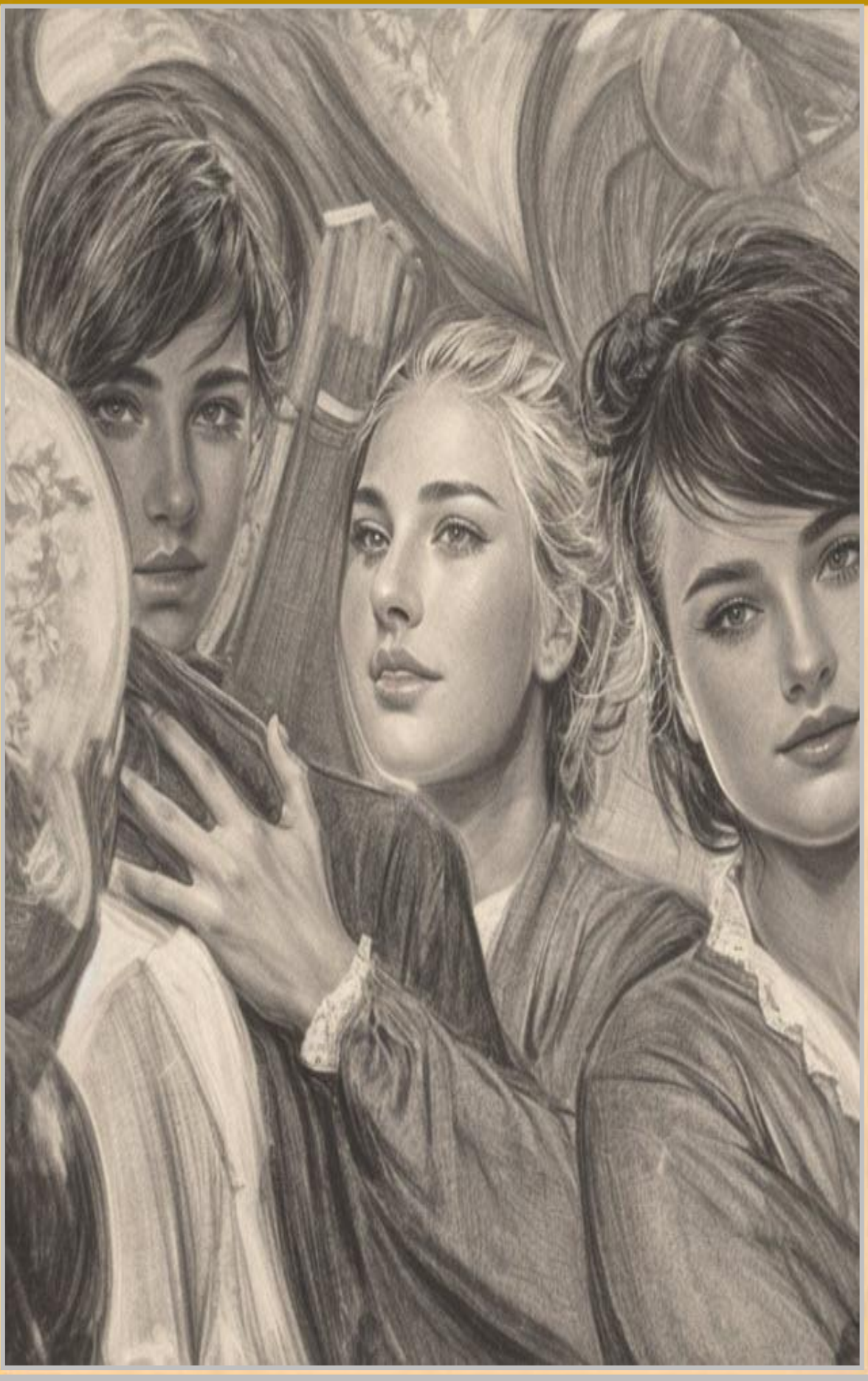


absurdity of our current societal norms and the consequences of failing to conform to them. After considerable reflection and introspection, I have found it within myself to extend forgiveness to this unfortunate WEF Goonie. It has become clear to me that their taunts were not merely for amusement but stemmed from a deeper sorrow rooted in their struggle between the dualities of the male and

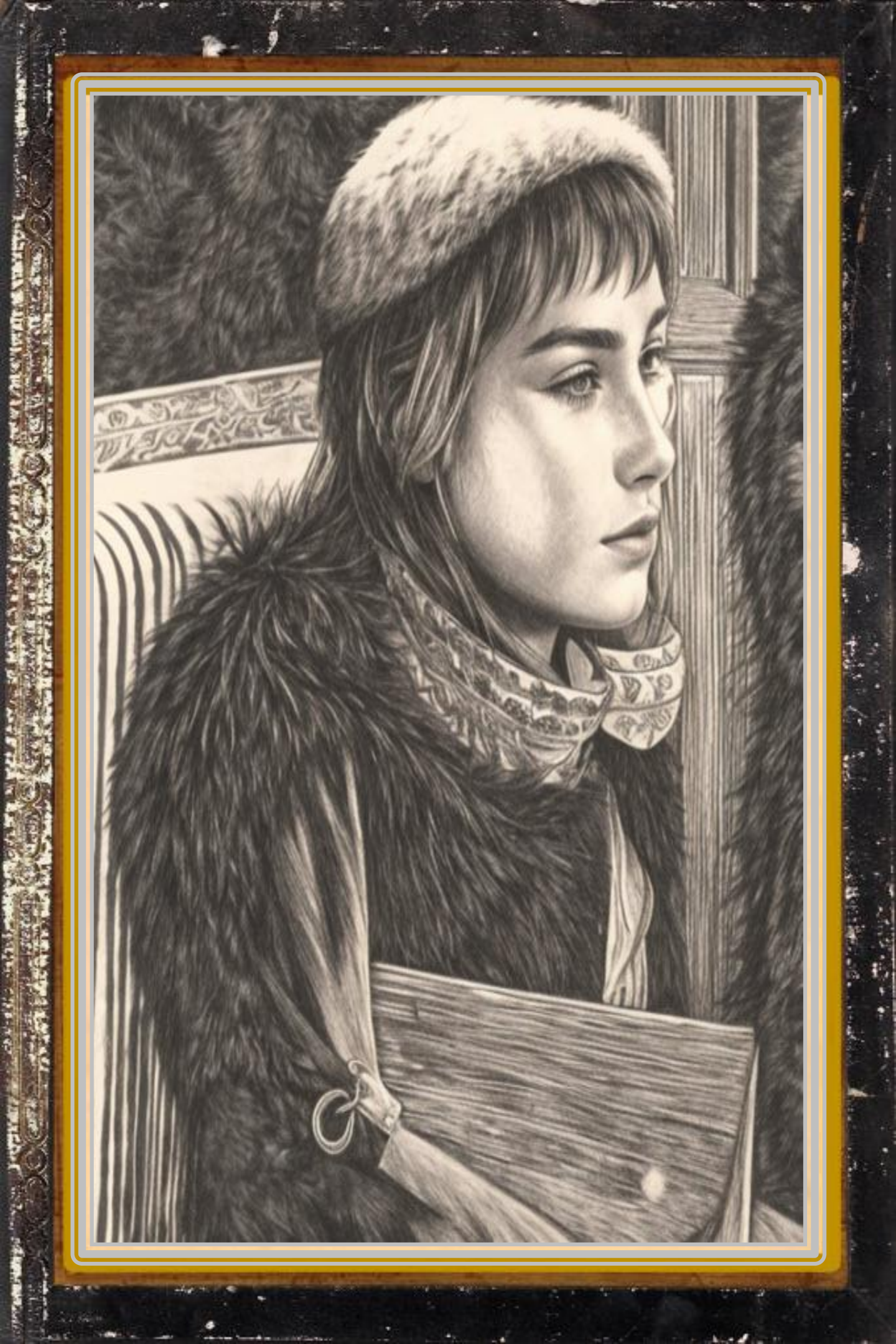
female worlds.
Each day, they confront the complexities of their identity, often symbolized by the presence of a Fu Manchu mustache, which may be perceived as either heroic or otherwise.
This internal conflict, I now understand, drives their behavior, revealing a profound sadness that lies beneath the surface.
I will leave my thoughts on this matter here, acknowledging the intricate layers of human



experience that often go unnoticed.
I am acutely aware of my tendencies, and I find myself in desperate need of a distraction before I sabotage my day out and retreat to my third-floor walk-up apartment, where the plastic windows seem to amplify my feelings of despair.
The thought of returning home feeling more dejected, rejected, and introspective weighs heavily on me, especially



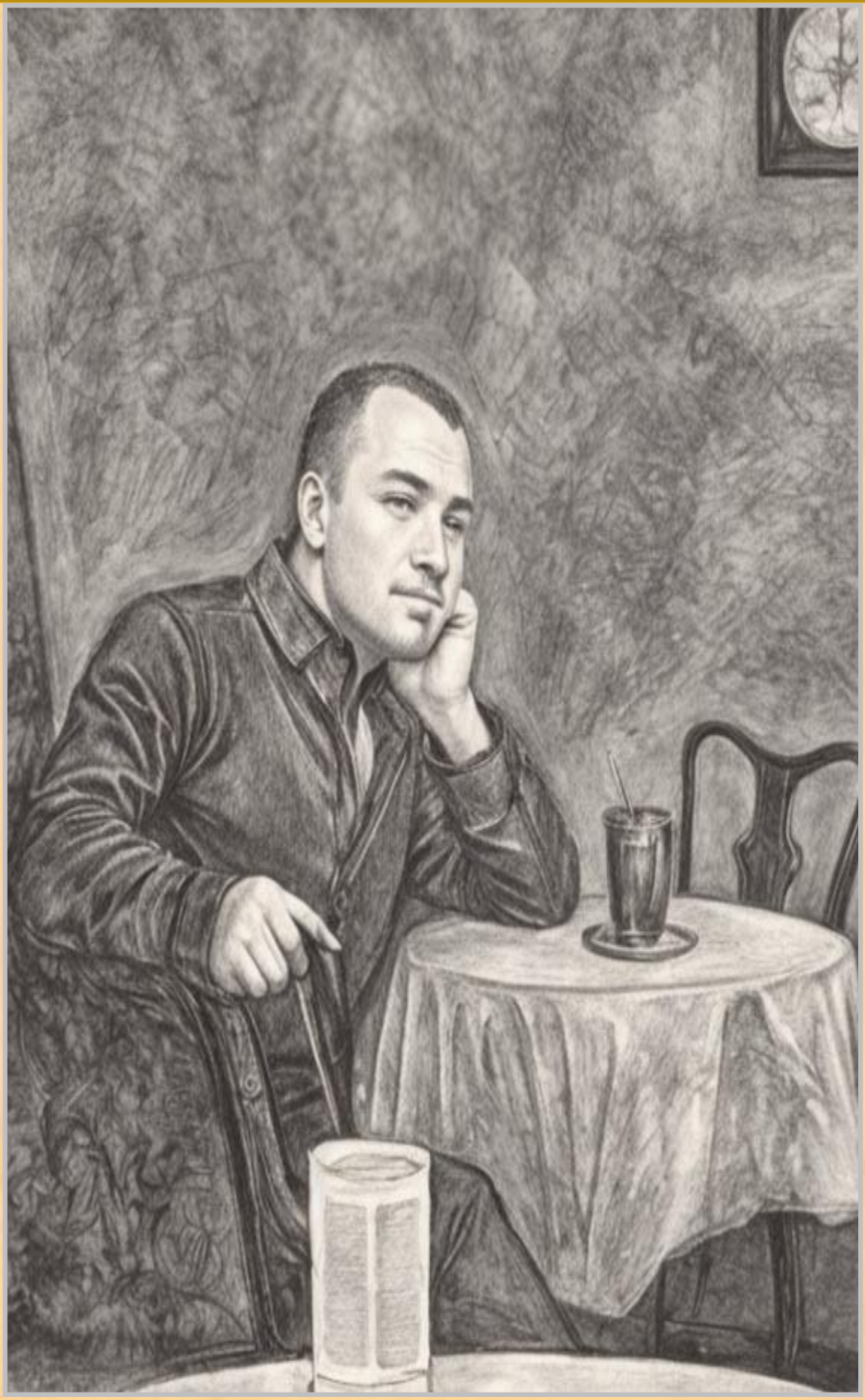
after squandering my complimentary subway day pass in a futile pursuit of an elusive sense of purpose.
Instead of enjoying the vibrant world around me, I feel as though I have chased a phantom through the tall grass of rational thought, only to plunge into a murky mental rabbit hole filled with the burdens of my responsibilities as a seeker of truth.
It is imperative that I find a way to redirect my



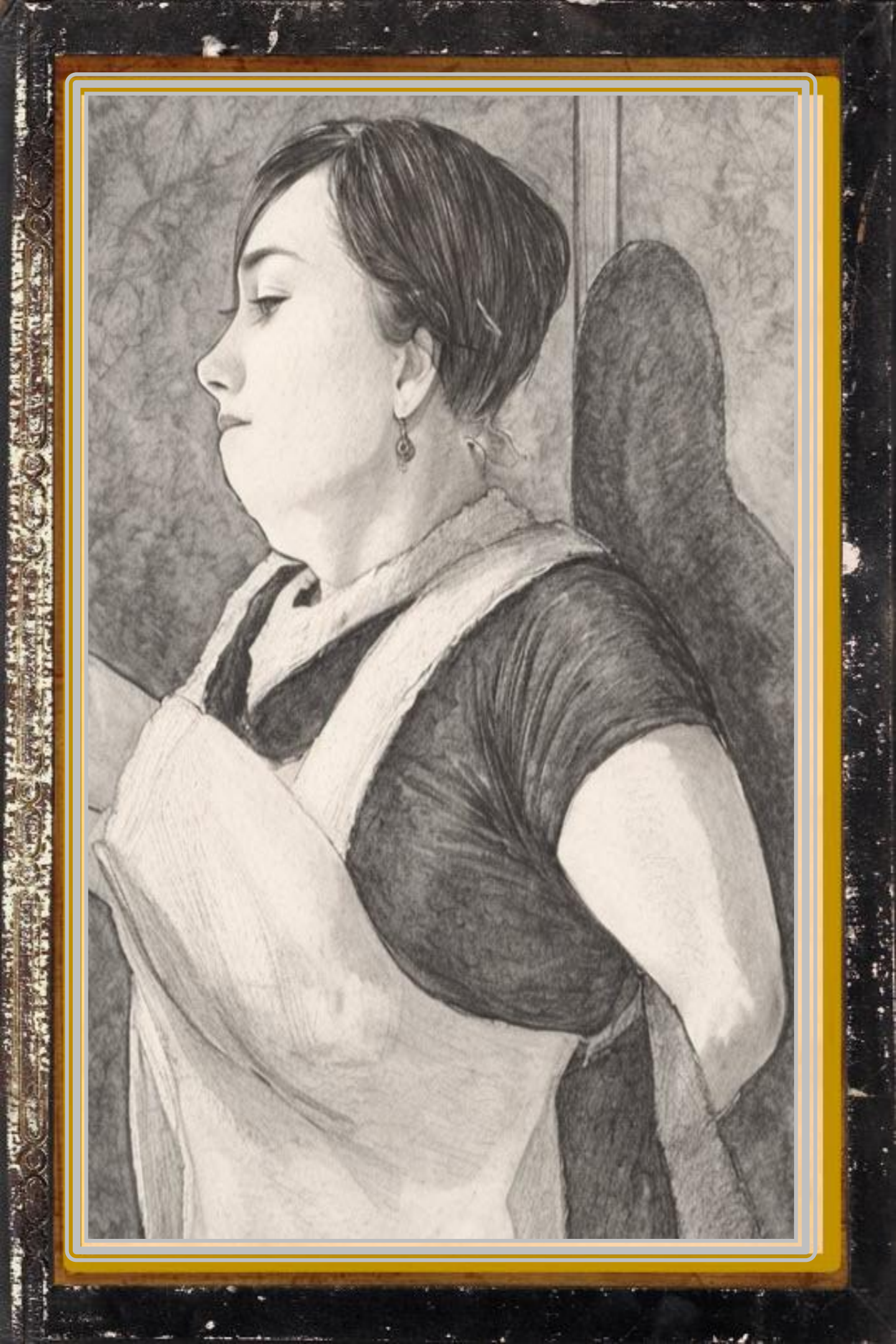
energy and focus, lest I allow this day to slip away, leaving me with nothing but a lingering sense of disappointment and a reminder of the obligations that haunt me.

As I sat on the subway, lost in my thoughts, a small child approached me, or perhaps it was a small person, and posed a question that caught me off guard.

With surprising clarity and confidence, the child asked, "I believe in Santa



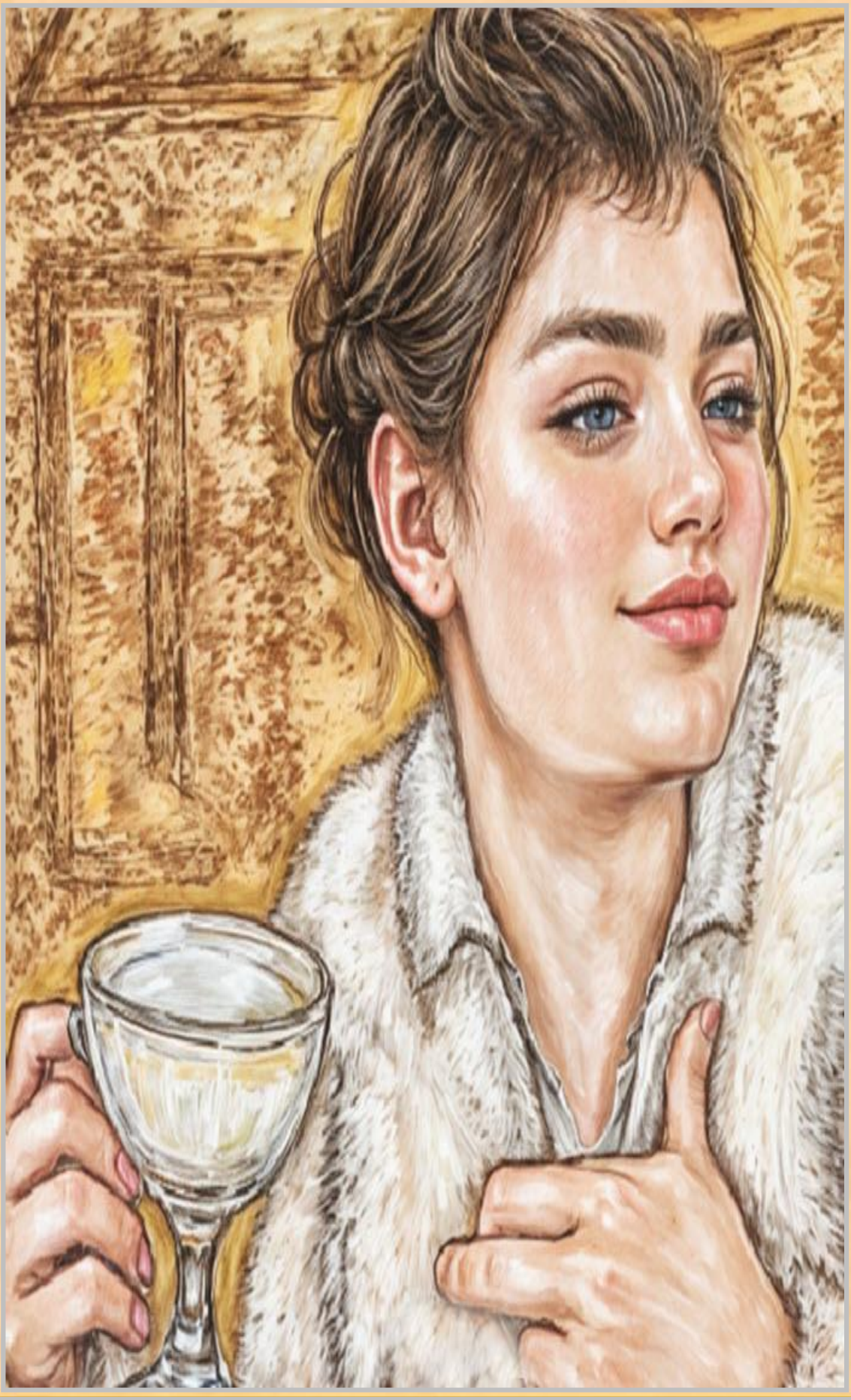
Claus, but do you really think that Santa Claus believes in you?"
The inquiry was not just a simple question; it was a profound reflection on belief and the nature of faith itself.
It made me ponder the essence of our convictions and the reciprocal nature of belief.
Here was a young soul, brimming with innocence and wonder, challenging me to consider whether our faith in the fantastic is



matched by the belief of those we hold dear in our imaginations.
In that fleeting moment, the bustling subway transformed into a space of introspection, where the lines between reality and fantasy blurred, leaving me to contemplate the deeper connections we forge with the myths that shape our lives.

What a little troublemaker!

If it weren't for the fact that such actions are both



illegal and considered quite rude—something that holds significant weight in this culture—I might have been tempted to grab him by those oversized, floppy ears and toss him across the subway car.
However, I chose a different approach. Instead of resorting to physicality, I calmly responded in German, asserting, "I don't speak English!"
This decision not only allowed me to maintain my

composure but also highlighted the importance of cultural respect and communication, even in the face of provocation.

"Does Santa Claus believe in me?"

Up until now, I must admit that I had never really pondered the situation deeply or felt particularly concerned about it.
My assumption was that he was simply a man preoccupied with his many responsibilities, which

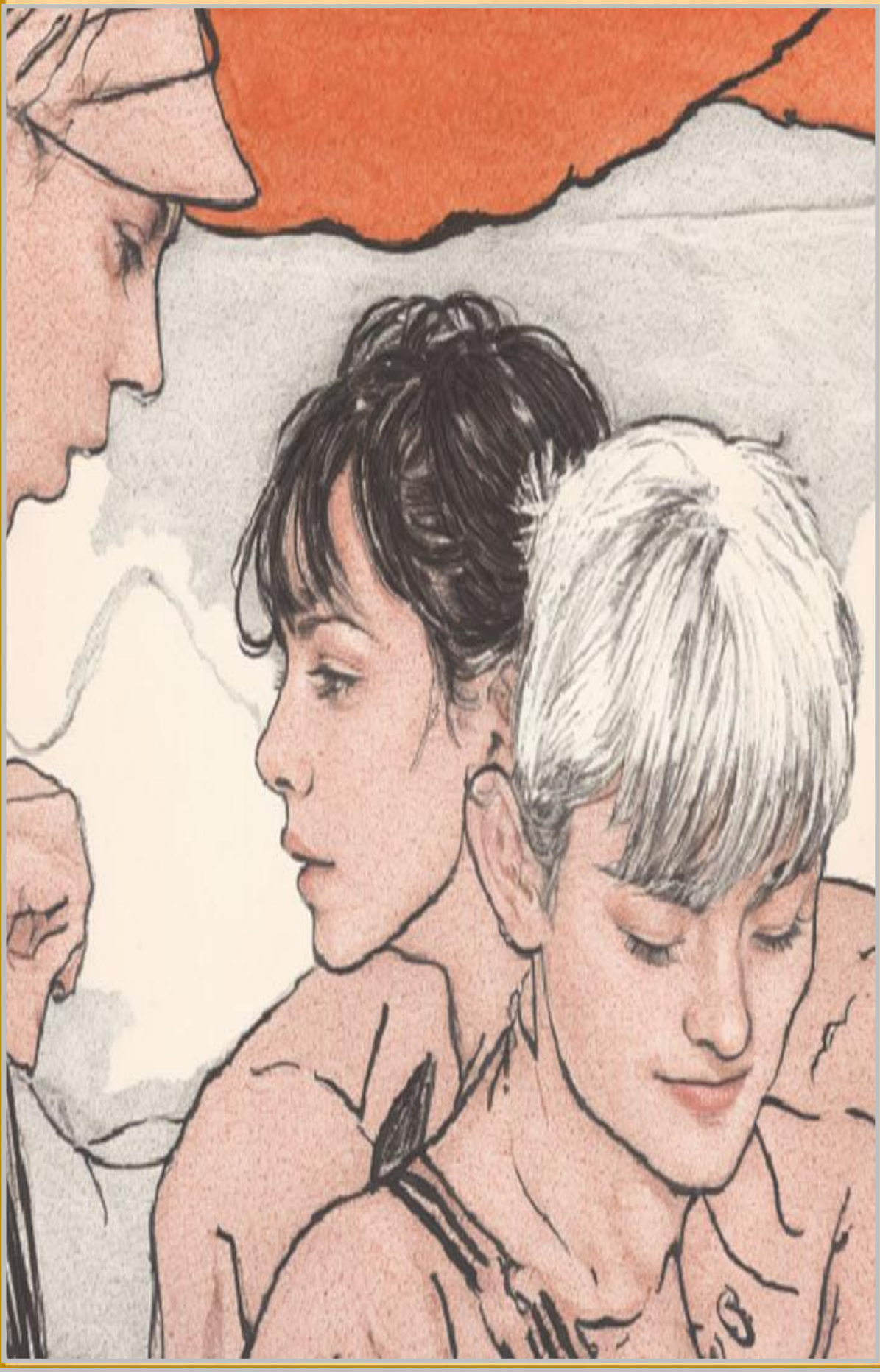
explained why he had not yet found the time to read any of the thirty-four letters I had diligently sent over the years.
Each letter was a heartfelt request for an audience, or perhaps a chance to join his team as an apprentice elf, a dream I held dear until I grew too old for such aspirations.
It seemed plausible that my applications had slipped through the cracks of his busy schedule, leaving me

to wonder if all of my enthusiasm and never ending persistence had gone unnoticed.
I distinctly remember the sole reply I received from Santa Workshop Ltd. Inc. after my numerous attempts to reach out to them.
Instead of the support I was hoping for, I was met with a restraining order.
This response came after I shared my harrowing experience of seeking

political asylum during my middle school years, where I felt my life was in dire jeopardy due to my unwavering belief in Santa Claus.

My school, which was staunchly opposed to the idea of Santa, was home to a group known as the Easter Bunny Hooligans. They relentlessly threatened me for my commitment to spreading the truth about Santa's existence, which I passionately defended.

It was a time when my
faith in the magic of Santa
was not just a childhood
whim but a matter of
personal safety, and
instead of understanding,
I was met with legal action
that only deepened my
sense of isolation.
Recognizing that my
peaceful day of meditation
aboard the Sky Train had
taken an unexpected turn,
I took a moment to reflect
on the situation.
It suddenly struck me that
the presence of the child,



along with memories stretching back to my middle school years, were all interconnected in a profound, almost cosmic way.

This realization began to unravel a tapestry of experiences that had shaped my life, offering insights that had eluded me during countless hours spent in unproductive therapy.

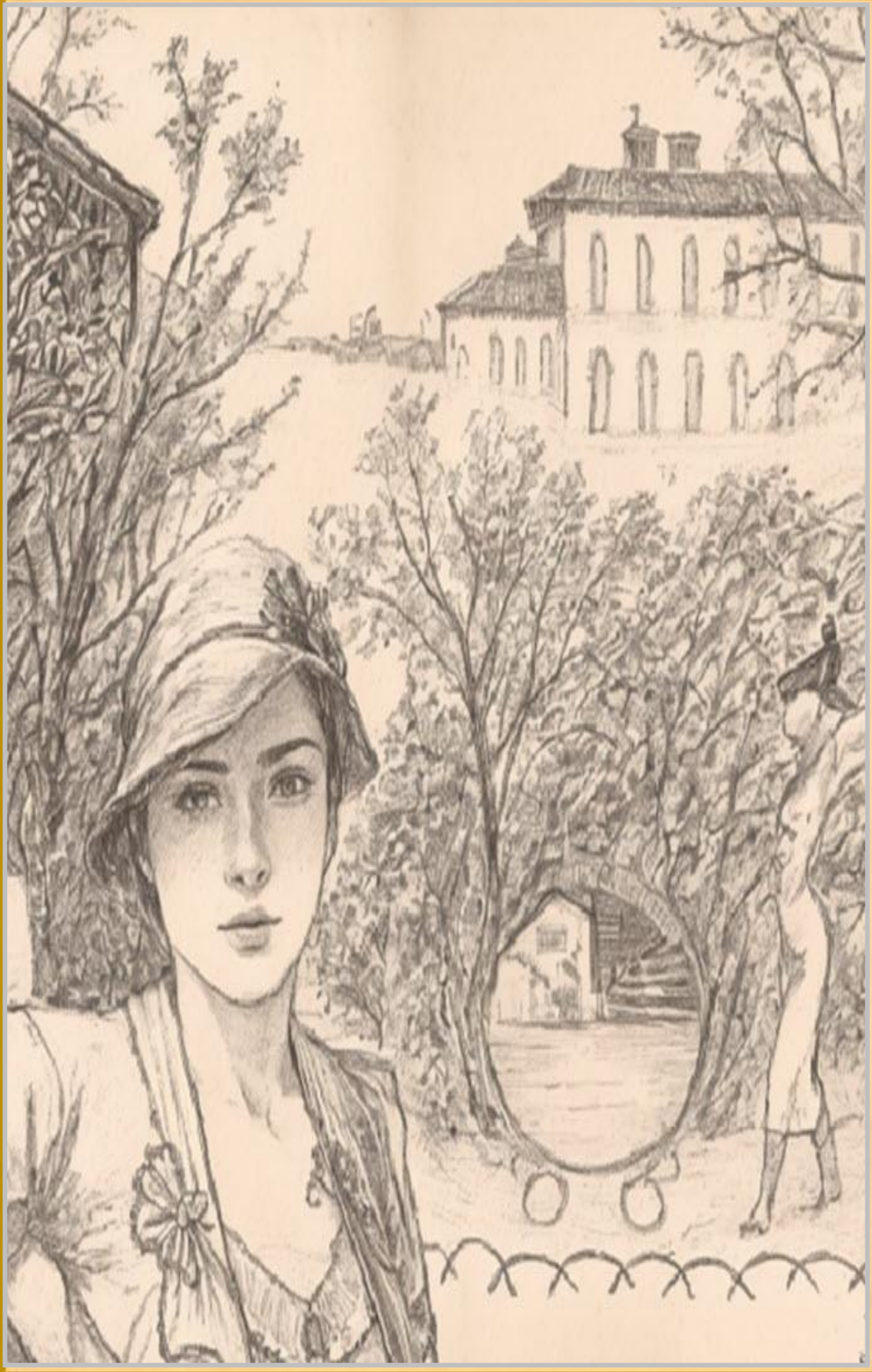
The threads of my past, woven together with the present moment,

suggested that there was a deeper significance to the challenges I faced, illuminating a path toward understanding that I had long sought but never fully grasped.

As I began to delve deeper into my own thoughts, I unearthed a treasure trove of long-buried memories, one of which vividly stood out: the intense desire I had for a Johnny Quest five-action pistol when I was just ten years old.

This toy, with its promise of adventure and excitement, had captivated my imagination, yet it remained just out of reach, overshadowed by the realities of childhood limitations.

The recollection of that longing not only brought back a wave of nostalgia but also highlighted the innocence of my aspirations at that age. It was a moment that encapsulated the essence of youthful dreams,



reminding me of the simple joys and disappointments that shaped my early years.
Who could resist the allure of such an extraordinary toy pistol?
This remarkable creation was not merely a toy; it was a multifaceted gadget that functioned as a gun, a radio, missile launcher, flashlight, and even a state-of-the-art bottle opener.
Its appeal was undeniable, yet it was shrouded in

mystery and intrigue, as I would later discover that the US Army had prohibited its sale due to concerns over National Security.

The reason behind this ban was equally fascinating: the pistol had been crafted using blueprints that had been illicitly obtained, designed for a weapon the Army had initially envisioned before they were forced to settle for the underwhelming M-16 produced by Mattel Toy

Company.
The combination of its innovative features and the shadowy circumstances surrounding its creation only heightened its desirability, making it a coveted item that was impossible to find in stores.
I still vividly recall those enchanting nights spent in joyful reverie, where I would lose myself in the thrilling fantasies of joining Johnny, Hadji, and his loyal dog, Bandit, on

daring adventures to save the world.
The excitement of our escapades filled my imagination, painting a vivid picture of heroism and camaraderie.
Yet, amidst these exhilarating dreams, there lingered the tantalizing possibility of receiving a call from Santa himself, inviting me to become an elf apprentice.
The thought of donning those magical green garments and working

alongside Santa's team to spread joy and cheer was equally captivating, creating a delightful tug-of-war between two extraordinary paths. Each scenario held its own allure, igniting my youthful spirit and fueling my aspirations in ways that still resonate with me today.

The tipping point came after enduring what felt like an eternity of dismal holiday anticipation, even with the restraining order

in place.
On that fateful morning, the most sacred day for any true believer in Santa Claus, I sprang from my bed with a mixture of excitement and trepidation.
I dashed towards the beautifully adorned tree nestled in the family room, which this year had been relocated to the Florida Room.
The previous Christmas had been marred by an unexpected invasion of

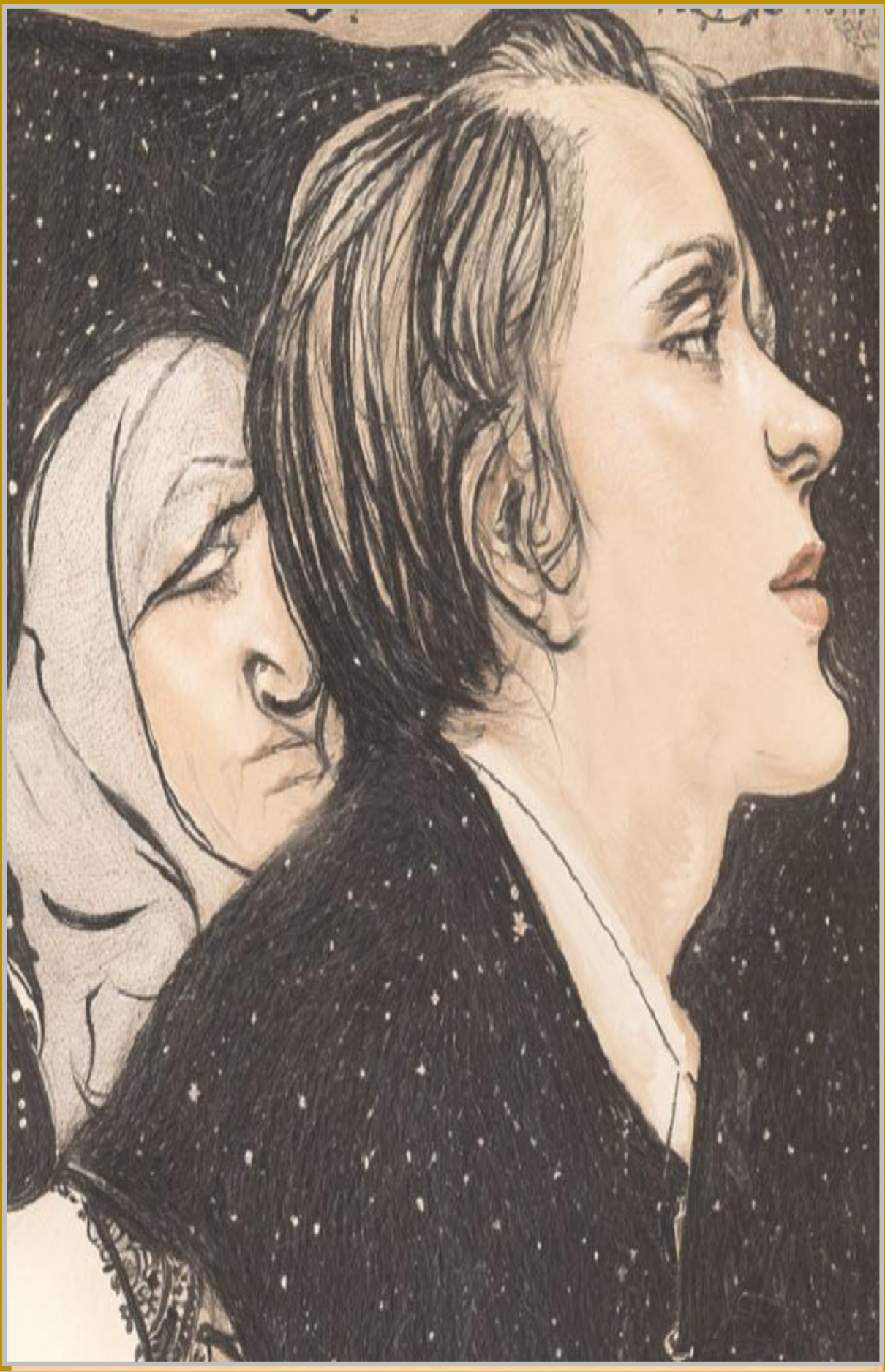
raccoons and their reclusive companions, who had taken up residence in our Christmas tree on Christmas Eve.

My father had speculated that this furry mischief was the true reason Santa had chosen to skip our house that year, leaving us with a sense of loss and confusion.

As I stood before the tree, the weight of that past disappointment hung in the air, mingling with the hope that this year

would be different, that the magic of Christmas would finally return to our home.

In the Florida Room, where the air was filled with the scent of pine and holiday cheer, I eagerly surveyed the array of colorful Christmas gifts, my heart racing with anticipation. However, instead of the coveted present I had longed for, I was met with the disappointing sight of a rather uninspiring "Underdog" cape paired



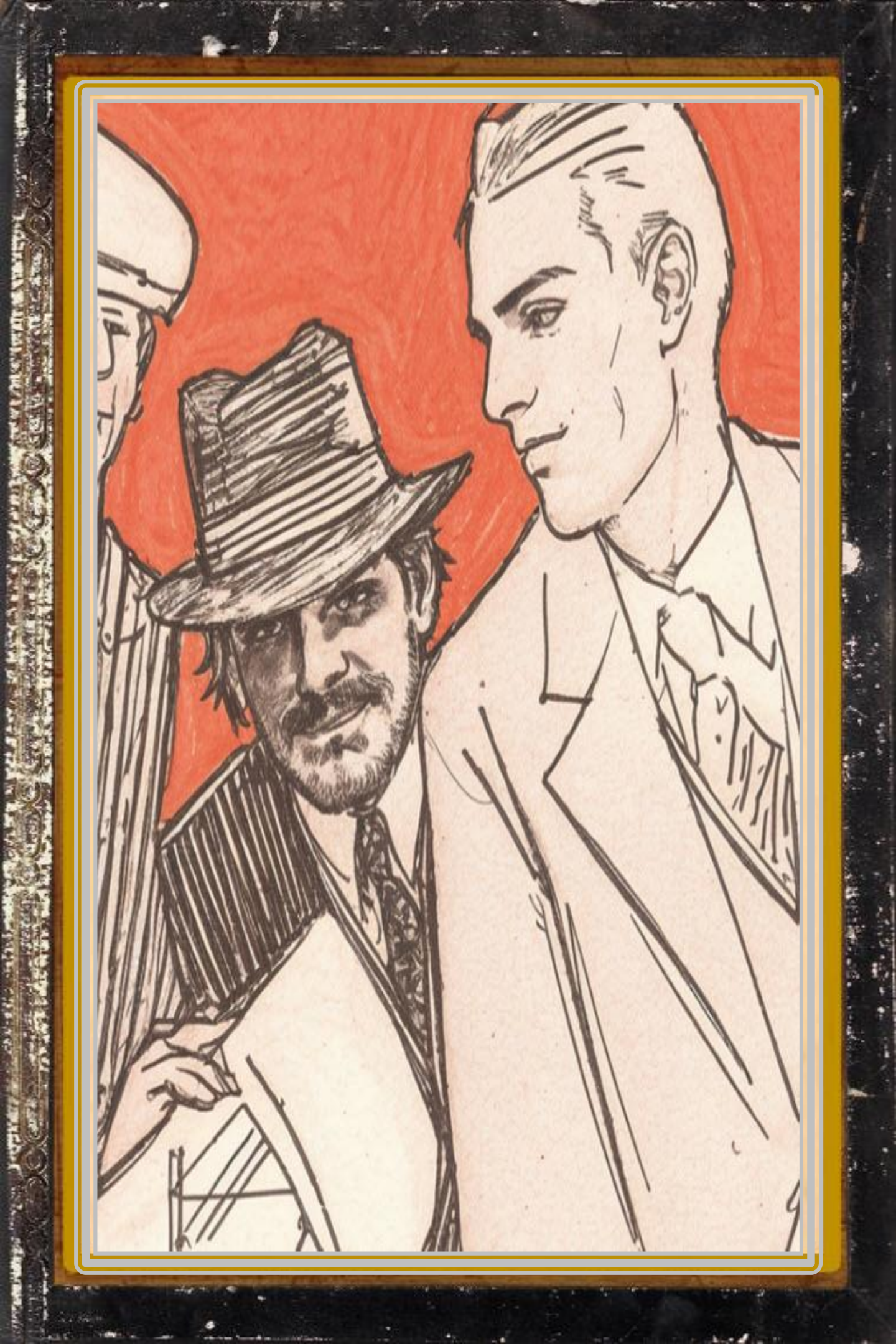
with a matching set of pajamas.
I couldn't help but wonder what my friends Johnny and Hadji would think if they saw me parading around in those pajamas, and the thought of Bandit, my mischievous pet, possibly taking a playful bite at me only added to my embarrassment.
Even now, the mere idea of donning that outfit sends a shiver down my spine, as I grapple with the reality of my holiday

dreams being overshadowed by such a lackluster gift.
This moment stands out as a pivotal turning point in my life, a profound experience akin to a personal Road to Damascus that forever transformed my beliefs.
It was during this event that I became a staunch Santa Denier, a label I would carry with me for years to come.
The impact of this revelation was not merely a

fleeting thought; it reshaped my understanding of tradition and belief, leading me to question the narratives that had been so deeply ingrained in my upbringing.

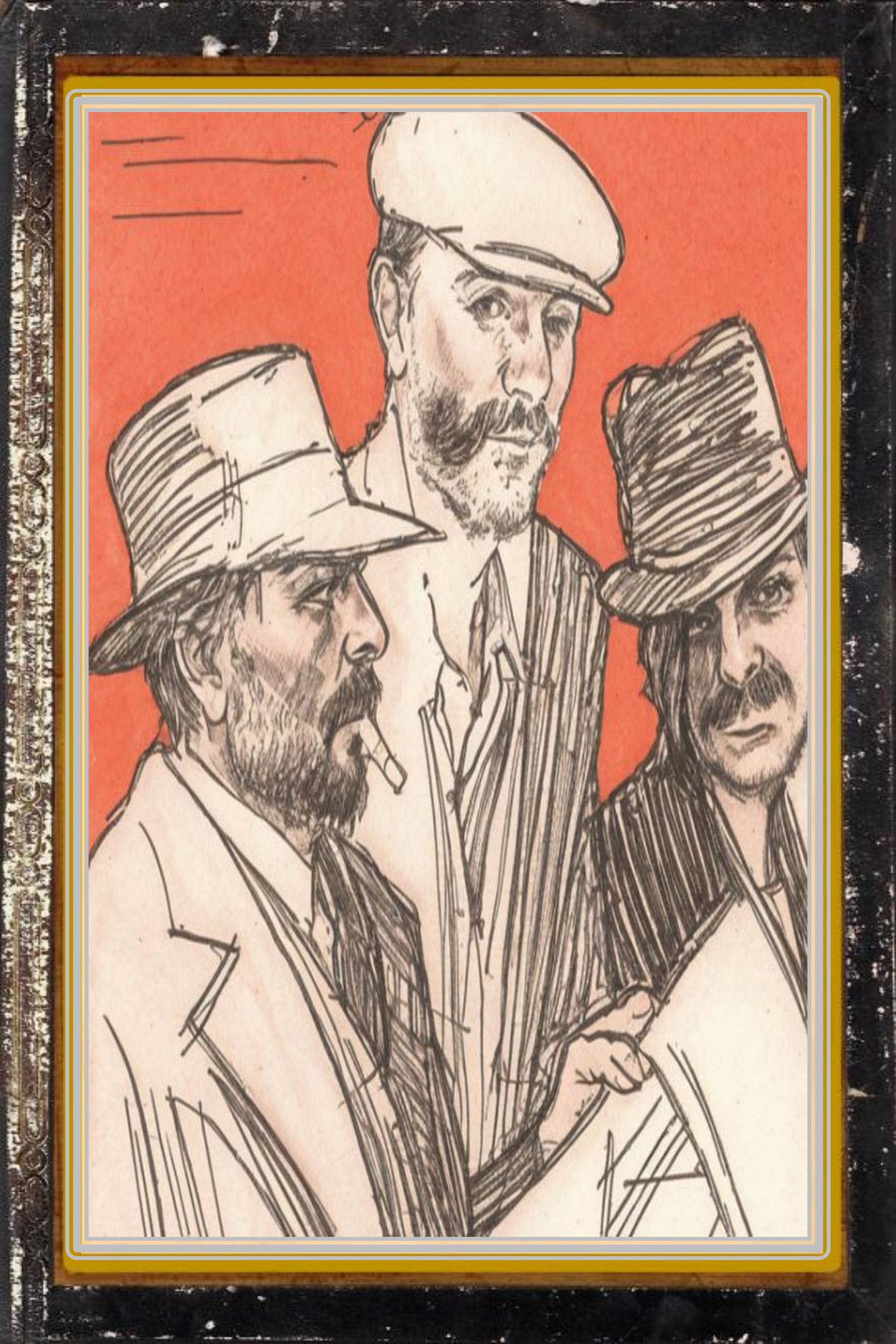
The disillusionment I felt was both liberating and unsettling, as I grappled with the implications of rejecting a figure that had once symbolized joy and wonder.

This watershed moment marked the beginning of a new chapter in my life, one



characterized by
skepticism and a desire for
authenticity in the stories
I choose to embrace.
I said that I had too much
time today!

-Emil, 2025



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WHEN ONE PERSON STANDS UP AND SAYS "NO!"

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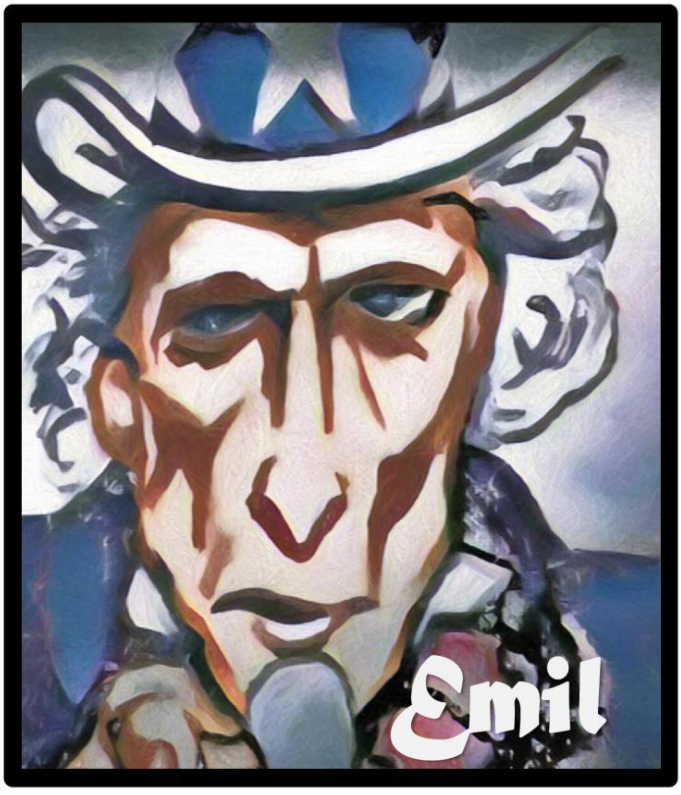
AHRIMAN



THE GALLERY OF THE MISFORTUNATE

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